# THE AERONAUT.

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Here lies the great- false marble! tell me where?
Nothing but poor & sordid dust lies here!

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Upon examining our box lately, we have found divers communications, on subjects pertinent & impertinent; some of which we shall give to our flying prop. This article has some peculiar properties:- for the matter put under it's operation undergoes many modifications in its voyage in upper air. The heavy particles fall to the ground:- where they are carefully gathered by Freshmen, Sophomores and newspaper editors, and digested into compositions, declamations and paragraphs. The dust of the mass, "levior cortice," is made prize of war

by the Zephyrs and floats in fantastic con-figurations in the undulations of the sunbeam. There it is measured out by the inch, yard & ell by sylphid countergaugers, at a fist-area the foot to novelists and she-Troglodytes. They clothe the nudities of Idas & Glorvinas. Highland petticoats are most in request - but collarettes, spencers and pantalettes have long since been exploded.

To return to our correspondents:- hear! hear!

To the Acronauts -

"Gentlemen,

"I was engaged on the last evening in perusing your remarks on sepulchral inscriptions. I pondered on the subject and lapsed into a slumberous forgetfulness, thinking of what my own epitaph would be.

Methought I stood on the edge of a dark and tremendous gulph:- a thick mist floated sullenly above its black and pestilential waters, which roared at intervals through its obscure excavations, as lashed by its torpid waves, reflecting no ray of light, turbid pitchy and gluttonous. A stifled roar proceeded from beneath, unnatural in its intonations, and awfully horrible to any mortal ear. The shrouded sides of that dreary precipice, seemed to return no echo:- while a cloud hung over the gulph

its sable folds, through which the beams of heaven could never penetrate. The thunder roared heavily above, and the blue forky lightnings that were defined upon its skirts seemed arrested and fixed in their progress along that curtain of Death.

While I gazed, the life blood curdled around my heart - the pulses forgot to play, the damps of eternal sleep seemed coldly bursting from my brow - the icy chilliness crawled over my frame, as if it were conscious of the vampire worm's dull banquet -

I turned away, and my eyes immediately beheld at a little distance, standing upon the brink of that fearful gulph, two female figures, robed in vestures of light. The lustre of the one seemed at a distance paler, and more resembled the light of the moon, while that of the other was blazing, as if a myriad rubies had thrown their glory around her. But as I gradually approached, the beams that shone about the person of the first seemed pure as the exquisite fountains of eternal day - Her form was "severe in youthful beauty;" but the severity which the poet has spoken of, while it awed, did not repulse - it seemed to thrown the veil of immortality over beauty that else had entranced and inflamed humanity beyond its natural capability of perception! She was clad in garments of spotless

white which seemed like the mountain wreath, unsullied by grosser contact, mildly radiant in ethereal lustre. But now, when I gazed on the latter, a sensation of loathsomeness and of disgust came over me. Infernal communion seemed to have breathed upon the air of earthly mortality: wantonness of soul, blot from her eye the lucid gleam of the eastern heaven that portends the approach of the Syroc, the earthquake or the tornado. The smile that she affected to spread round her lips was like the gaudy and blooming zone that girds the Volcano's central steeps. Why need I describe her aid? For who can turn from the heavenly form of Innocence, modesty, beauty & youth, to the flaunting apparition of vulgar prostitution, without all the sickening comparisons, that language can utter or similes thereinto deepen contrast? The glare that surrounded her, seemed to my averting eyes, as if a ray from the baleful centre of the earth, where poets tell that demons hold their vigils, had stolen upon a purer atmosphere, to embellish a congenial spirit. Her attire, of which I wot there was little, was scanty & tawdry. She held in her hand a scroll, of infinite dim

rions, which she was constantly unrolling, and which I perceived was a history of the persons, who had passed that gulph on whose borders we were standing. Here she seemingly strove to avert from the light of the other female;- but her efforts were ineffectuals. The scroll was covered with a thin coat of wax, on which her narrations were inscribed- but ever and anon as the effulgence of the attendant spirit penned on the frail materials, they melted away- but a singular phaenomenon immediately was seen to take place. An invisible hand, where the plain superficies was restored, seemed at-work in filling up and altering;- and the same story was told- in how different a style, the Specimens I shall give you will demonstrate. Those which I read and remembered, I will put down;- but-let-the cavillers, gossips and those whose the garments may chance to fit, not accuse me of mendacity or of scandal- For by this light (which is a dipt-candle, price three farthings) as surely as I saw the vision, I read every syllable, period, semicolon & comma, which I am now writing, scratching or otherwise marking upon this paper-

This is the first character.

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for the edification of readers, who are not as wise as ourselves, and the consolation of those gentlewomen

"He was in his dealings with his fellow men honest, upright and liberal. The benevolence of his nature, the artfulness of those with whom he communed, and with whom avarice and cunning he could not descend to cope, left him impoverished, and his amiable family the inheritors of a scanty pittance. As a Christian, he was fervent, unaffected, unassuming. But he was not ashamed of his religion. He spent a great proportion of a life of cease-less usefulness & activity, in frequenting the tabernacles of our holy faith; - and in encouraging the devotion of its worshippers. He made his hopes of a better existence, his humble boast, - and strove to induce others to struggle for the same crown and run the same glorious course. He pon blest the invisible hand that showered the blessings of this world on them, and communicated that word of truth, by which their expectations were fixed on a better. His memory lives in the numberless charitable institutions he fostered - and Truth records the name, of a good man a good friend, a good patriot, a Christian."

The light blazed steadily on this inscription, and in a coup d'oeil, its chronomantic was swept away - and thus I read it in its

past their prime, we mean sixty five, on whom epithet is affixed, as a stigma of reproach, we infer

transmuted condition—

"He was a broker. He amassed from nothing a considerable fortune. He took enormous usury, in a clandestine manner, and 'wrung from want ecstatick cent per cent.' But being distracted between the love of Mammon and other hypocritical pursuits, his affairs were forever deranged. He failed nine times, and cleared a very large amount; finding breaking the most profitable accomplishment of his calling—Being fond of vulgar distinction, wishing to acquire a reputation for sanctity, and being pleased with squeezing among the female part of the faithful, with pressings of the hand & holy sighs and kisses, bedchamber consultations and closet devotions, he frequented all the prayer meetings, instituted new ones, and became the spiritual sub general abissino. He was always whining and canting in company, insulting the feelings of all, and was several times kicked down stairs, by husbands of

them, that the application of this word, like that of many others, is corrupted. It originally was applied to legal arbitrators, and though it cloathed generally weeds a flannel petticoat, was use in the habit of bestriding ovhalls. Be not discouraged therefore ye of the fair sex in your communion at tea tables Accouchments, christenings & burials — But see Coke Littleton, VOL. I. sec

different denominations, whom better halves he was endeavouring to convert to the opinions of his own sect. It might literally be said of him, that charity covered a multitude of sins, for he formed himself in wearing apparel, by the parings and clippings of charitable donations, which he went about collecting, and for which he got all the credit in the newspapers and from the ignorant objects of anonymous bounty. He was the agent for bible societies, and cheated all round from the printer to the members of those institutions. He gave the starving wretch in a cold winter's day rum and then a testament; which contain nothing, and which was pawned for liquor at the next dram shops. His memory lives in the breasts of his creditors, whom by fraudulent conveyances before his death, he left without any means of repayment. and Truth proclaims him as a hypocritical, time serving, cold blooded villain."

The next character described on the tablet of the gay lady before mentioned, was of a different stamp.

"Stranger, who contemplatest this last retreat of humanity, pause. In this flower of youth and beauty and talent, the faded relics that sleep beneath were left withered and blighted by the blast of death. The soul that tenanted them once, hath escaped to purer regions, where the bloom of the early bower of manhood is perennial, its beauty immortal. And where the lyre that woke on earth such mournful notes now swells the triumphant, and ecstatic hallelujah. While yet on earth, he woke a wild and pensive melody, on which the soul of genius delighted to linger forever. But he could wake a bolder strain;- and the listening thousands that hung on his accents, yet bear their witness to the thunders of his oratory. The voice of that diapason which once thrilled with rapture beneath his flying fingers, now faintly echoes along the church yard aisles, or dies in the gale that sweeps the high grass on his grave. His poetical temperament, which he possessed in such an exquisite degree was the beautiful but devoured serpent, that nestled in his heart and consumed its core. The tears of beauty, the grief of manhood, the agony of endeared connexions and a bereaved country are the glorious hecatomb that speak his

memory."

I looked again and behold!—

Stranger, if you have naturally decent abilities, think of him who hath departed, pursue your vocation and don't make a fool of yourself. He was a squab, spindle shanked youth and wore green spectacles. He was an apprentice in a store in Chatham Street & consumed one hour before breakfast in tying his cravat and blacking his boots. Having taken up an opinion that he was a genius, he devoted three hours of the day in stolen intervals from the counter, in composing impromptus for a weekly paper;- as also elegies on deceased friendly- stanzas 'to my lyre' 'To Gametta' &c &c. on these the souls of the millinies' apprentices delighted to linger on the Sabbath Morning, after the toils of Saturday night. He also made one speech at the Forum. His lyrical and elegiac effusions, have for the most part been used to curl rare with, or other combustible purposes. He caught cold from walking two miles home in silk stockings and pumps, in a shower of rain;- which produced the disorder that terminated in his death.--

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we do not deem it proper to give the world any more of this correspondent's pre-mit communication. We would not wish to bear the imputation of backbiters, much less in so serious a form of satire, as our anony-mous friend has thought proper to adopt. "Speak not ill of the dead" is one of those max-ims of wisdom and of nature, that is writ-ten in the heart of man, universally by the finger of heaven. It revolts from the humble, sacrilegious task. The cold blooded labourer while he turns from their sacred homes the mouldered remnants of all that once was life and animation, with the same apathy & indifference as to the dead, with which he would dig a well for the living, even he cannot feel at his ease, if he speaks with irreverence of that vile clay's former pilgri-mage. "Requiescat in pace" This is the safe shield, that protects the unconscious slumber-er.. O! who can tread the "church yard grey" wander over the wreck of hope, ambition & desire, think that the feet of the stranger must thus soon press his dark & narrow couch, and not join with all the sadness

of his soul, in that simple prayer for the ~~spirit~~ body, the spirit, the memory -

Quiescat in pace!

We know not why, but with the attending scenery of the grave, there is more pathos in this little sentence, than any other with which we ever met. We may be singular in our taste and feeling, but we do not think any English equivalent expression would produce a similar effect. Perhaps it is owing to the classical bigotry - perhaps antiquity accords and harmonizes more with the remembrance of those who are gone - perhaps the attendant solemnity and imposing influences of the Romanesque - gion. the gloomy origin of this brief petition are more in unison with the tone of feeling But there seems to be a mournful melody in the very combination of the letters, in the mingling of the numerous vowels with the mutes - that would in such a scene produce an effect, even on those who were ignorant of the meaning of the terms -

But enough of this :—

As it is our design, that our essays should be unique in themselves, as far as may be we shall not change the subject of this paper although we have little or nothing to say, that all have not heard before.

It is certainly a proof of the immortality of the soul, that the mind while it roves abroad to dwell on its future prospects, so often shoots the bounds of time, and thinks itself listening to the voice of man, that speaks its final eulogium. We think on that consummation, if we have been ill-treated by the world, with proud and gloomy satisfaction. But fancy in her most sanguine visions forms no adequate idea of the nature of spirit, separated from the grosser body in which it was erewhile incarcerated. We cannot help retaining all our passions & cannot in waking dreams of future fame and glory, preserve our identity in the mind's eye without all our defects in our heads. But this eternal wandering, whithersoever it may shape its flight, is yet a consciousness of undying being - it is the highest proof we can have, that the scripture is true to the letter which says if ye believe not me, though one should arise from the dead ye would not believe him -

Miracles and mathematical demonstration were alike lost on him, who to prove that he shall not exist forever in some mode or other, must begin by denying that he is, in any mode whatever.

The anticipation of death, (severing two characters for the sake of antithesis, which God grant may be ever one) is as dear to the man of genius, as it is to the Christian believer. In imagination, a disembodied spirit he hovers amid the atmosphere of earth, with exquisite delight straying his pinions there, as he soars erratic and exultant amid the immensity of space. He marks with the sweep of mental vision that brings the future in due perspective before us, the triumphant apotheosis of his memory—the joy of his country in having produced him, her pride in claiming him her own.

"Ye Atheists! lauds! the soul upsoaring
"Yon heaven's expanse of blue shall cleave,
"And floods of glory round it pouring
"Its homage upon earth receive—
"It doth'd below—above adoring
"In both immortally shall live!"

ANON.

Yes - every throb that wakes for fame and honour, is the bursting of the conscious immortal and send back to the heart a voice that proclaims this soul was tempest-tost on earth, a ray of infinite purity and intelligence.

Alas, such fair and rainbow hope, is all that often the wanderer has to cheer him, on his pilgrimage through this dark valley -

- like Collins, ill-starr'd native!
"whose lays requital was, that Envy came,
"who bound no laurel round his living head,
"Should hang it o'er his monument, when dead,"[2]

Yet, though all that mankind may bestow, is the cold moonbeam that sleeps on the grass grown grave - the rose scattered on the stream, the wreath that withers on the bearer, there have been moments, prouder and dearer to the bosom's fondest and most aspiring sympathies, in the lives of the mighty dead, than all that present reality can bestow, than the notes of the clarion, the shouts of multitudes, the crown of victory and the diadem of empire, can yield the triumphant conqueror. The hopes of all past existence, the meed of all toil endured, the realisation of every vision for time and for eternity, are all compressed in one point of intense - in rapture too severe

2. Bride of Triermain.

for frail humanity!"

"They said- & dazzled with excess of light
Closed their eyes in endless night!

So Homer felt- when the pyre that blazed for Hector, was the eternal beacon of his fame, to ages yet darkling in futurity- So Virgil felt- when Turnus' indignant soul came rushing through the wound' and the shouts of the victors was the paean of his own immortality- So Milton felt- when the sword of the cherubim, that 'shut the gates of mercy on mankind,' proclaimed when he had dared to enter- to pass the flaming bounds of time and space- So felt Montesquieu, as he exclaimed 'Italiam! Italiam! The land of promise! the land of immortal fame!

S.